

The History of

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbishops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare;
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And god forgive them, that so much have swaide
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which walht away, shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

Henry

And I will call him to so stri
That he shall render every g
Yea, even the slightest wor
Or I will teare the reckon
This in the name of god I pr
The which if he be pleas'd,
I do beseech your Majesty
The long growne wounds o
If not, the end of life cancell
And I will dye an hundred
Ere breake the smallest paro
King. A hundred thousand
Thou shalt have charge, and
How now, good *Blunt*? thy

Enter

Blunt. So hath the busine
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland
That *Dowglas* and the Engli
The eleventh of this moneth
A mighty and a fearefull he
(If promises be kept on ev
As ever offered foule play in
King. The Earle of *Westm*
With him my sonne Lord *J*
For this advertisement is fi
On Wednesday next, *Harry*
On Thursday, we our selves
Is *Bridgenorth*; and, *Harry*,
Through *Glocester-shire*, by v
Our busines valued some two
Our generall forces at *Bridg*
Our hands are full of busine
Advantage feedes him fat, y

Enter Falstaf

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fall
doe I not bate? doe I not dw
me like an old *Ladies* loose g
apple. *John.* Well, i'll repen

And